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obnoxious text-books removed from the state schools of Ontario. On the same province she has imposed a separate school system, which practically divorces her people from general state education. Two communities grow up side by side, yet apart, perpetuating old-world feuds; generation after generation become partakers in the heritage of hate.

It is, however, the growth in Quebec of the French-Canadian ideal that has made the situation acute beyond mere political intermeddling. In Canada there have always been two races. Indeed, fusion never received the sanction of the constitution, preserving as it does French language, customs, and laws intact. Much graceful oratory on occasion has glorified the unity and great love that are declared to exist. The fact is otherwise. Free scope to develop his genius has been given the *Canadien*, and these latter-day teachings of the church have powerfully contributed to divergence. The *habitant* interested other Americans by his picturesqueness, by historical associations; for his own part his chief care was to labor and multiply. Payment of tithes and child-like trustfulness in the *cure* filled up the measure of his duties to Mother Church. Now Jesuit and Ultramontane have supplanted the Gallican as keeper of the conscience of the people. There are *habitants* no longer, only *nationalists*. The war-cry of the nationalist was first heard throughout the agitation that followed the fate of Riel. The half-breed leader met with the sympathy and pity due the martyr for the faith he had in the mission of the French Canadian in America. For faith and patriotism go hand in hand under the new régime. The triumph of political Catholicism is to be the triumph of the French-Canadian race; or, as it is daily taught in all the schools of the faithful, "the cross planted by Jacques Cartier on the bank of the St. Lawrence is at once the sign of salvation and the glorious symbol of the French-Canadian nationality." Again and again it is urged that "the greater the confidence of the people in the clergy, the more wise and prudent and nationalistic in spirit becomes the clergy"; that "the day the French-Canadian people regret having placed their destinies in the hands of their priests would be a fatal day for their country and their religion."

Religious fervor being thus quickened by race motives, and by the belief that under the shadow of the cross the French Canadian is appointed to rule this continent, an entire people have enrolled in the active militia of the Church of Rome. And brave hands have they already got of the future promised their obedience to the statecraft of priests. From Quebec, that "consecrated abode of the Catholic faith," the invader has been hour by hour thrust back, and of the English settlements, so long the stronghold of Protestantism, nearly all at this moment of writing have been erected into Catholic parishes. Lands that for upwards of a century were held in free English tenure are now tilled by French-Canadian farmers, who, for the glory of their race, submit gladly to "*La Fabrique*" and the visits of the tithe-gatherer. Manitoba struggles to throw off the dual official language and separate school system with which she was burdened at birth. Stretching westwards to the Rockies are great territories, where a French Canadian is as rare a sight as are swallows on a winter's day; yet have they not escaped the same official recognition of the French-Canadian idea. In northern and eastern Ontario a veritable army of occupation is busy founding a new Quebec. Everywhere St. Jean Baptiste societies keep the French-Canadian colonist in touch with the controlling principle that "New France's mission of civilization should advance as of old by an alliance for mutual protection between religion and the state."

For eminent service in thus presenting America with still another problem of race and creed, the Society of Jesus in Quebec has just been endowed out of the public moneys of that province.

W. H. HUNTER.

#### IV.

##### HERESY-HUNTING.

"TRUTH," says John Milton, "is strong, next to the Almighty. . . . Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to doubt her strength. Let her and

falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?" Even the errors of a great thinker tend, if not directly, yet effectually, to the advancement of truth. It was nobly said by Forberg of a great German thinker: "All the truth that J—— has written is not worth a tenth part of the false which Fichte may have written. The one gives me a small number of known truths; the other gives me, perhaps, one truth, but, in doing so, opens before me the prospect of an infinity of unknown truths." Of many a powerful writer it may be said, *Síminus errasset, fecerat ille minus*. What writer was ever regarded with more alarm, not to say horror, by Christian Europe than David Hume? Yet it was Hume who, by his remorseless logic, reduced to an absurdity the dominant philosophies of Leibnitz and Locke, and thus compelled metaphysicians to ascend to higher principles, in order to place philosophy on an impregnable basis. Had a short-sighted zeal for religion suppressed the publication of Hume's sceptical theories, because of the harm they might do, it would have suppressed also all those great arguments of his opponents for an immaterial soul which have enlarged and ennobled the whole world of thought. Kant would have remained in "his dogmatic slumber"; Reid would have continued his adhesion to Locke; and the dreary materialism of Condillac would still be reigning over the schools of France. In view of these facts, it seems to us that, if there is anything upon which Christian men should frown, it is upon the disposition, occasionally noticeable in certain quarters, to arraign preachers of the Gospel hastily, or upon paltry grounds, for heresy.

A celebrated clergyman once said: "I love goodness a thousand times more than I hate badness"—a noble saying, worthy of the great heart from which it came. We would supplement it with another: "I love truth a thousand times more than I hate error." In all ages there have been men who have enjoyed heresy-hunting—the detection of hair-breadth deviations from strict orthodoxy—far more, apparently, than the recognition of truth. The increasing liberality and charity that characterize our times are daily lessening the number of such Christians, but the species is by no means extinct. Unlike their Master, who sympathized with the difficulties of men, and at once magnified points of agreement and minimized differences; unlike the Apostle Paul, who also sought always for the points of resemblance between the faith or observances which he sought to supplant and his own,—these men delight in magnifying trivial differences of opinion; and the petty, microscopic points in theology, concerning which Christendom is at variance, are to their minds of profounder importance than the great fundamental doctrines upon which all are agreed. No watchdog ever guarded his master's dwelling more vigilantly than do they, if clergymen, the orthodoxy of their brother-clergymen, or, if laymen, that of their minister. Their keenness of scent rivals that of Baron Munchausen's pointer. On a voyage to the East Indies this wonderful dog which the baron took with him surprised all on board by pointing when the ship was three hundred leagues from land. As he continued to do this for some time, the baron was confident that his pet had scented game, and wagered a hundred guineas that game would be found in half an hour. In less than thirty minutes some of the sailors harpooned a shark, and, on cutting him open, there were found in his stomach no less than six brace of partridges. Hardly less keen-scented are some of the theological inquisitors of the day, who detect in every petty deviation from established doctrine, every novel exposition of admitted truth, every attempt to break down party walls and make Christians fraternize so far as they can without a sacrifice of vital truth, a startling heresy.

Let us not be misunderstood. We have no sympathy with the outcry against creeds. No man can live without them, for, as Archbishop Whately has said, belief and disbelief are not two different states of the mind, but the same, only considered in reference to two contradictory propositions. Universal pyrrhonism is but another name for universal credulity. Neither have we any sympathy with that soft, sentimental, and flaccid Christianity of the time which shrinks from the expression of religious truth in clear and definite forms. We believe that there never has been, and that there never can be, a religious life of much strength and power, except where there was, or is, a firm grasp of truth—truth sharply defined and boldly

declared. "Not to love solid reading," Madame de Sévigné used to say, "is the way to get *bleached* in one's ideas"; and when one considers how the mental organs of thousands in our day are enfeebled by continual and almost exclusive novel- and newspaper-reading, who can wonder that they loathe, or are unable to digest, the strong meat of a doctrinal theology? But to overlook the distinction between vital and non-vital truths; to build up partition walls out of trivial differences of opinion; to raise the "mad-dog" cry of "heretic!" at every man who prefers a progressive to a fossil theology, and who thinks, with Milton, that "the light we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge"; to hold up to public suspicion every man who announces what he thinks a successful method of reconciling scriptural truth with human reason,—is contradictory to the very spirit of Christianity.

When shall we learn that men with different idiosyncrasies and mental peculiarities can never hold precisely the same views of truth; that, "as the sulphate of iron can never be the same as the carbonate of iron, though iron is everywhere and always essentially the same, so, though truth itself is invariable, the Smithate of truth must always differ from the Brownate of truth"? When shall we learn that words, even when most cunningly used, are but imperfect symbols of thought, the merest skeletons of expression, hints of meaning, tentative signs, which can give to another only a partial possession of our consciousness; that there is hardly an abstract term in any language which conveys precisely the same meaning to two different minds; and hence that a writer or speaker who, from the inadequacy of language, or his lack of skill in using it, appears to utter dangerous heresies, may yet, when perfectly understood, be found perfectly orthodox?

As words can mean the same thing only to persons who are psychologically the same, and who have had the same experiences, it is evident that, to apprehend perfectly the thought of another man, we need to know his individuality, his past history; we must be *en rapport* with him; and even then we may fail to penetrate to the central meaning of his words, the very core of his thought. It is stated by the biographer of Dr. Chalmers that the two giant divines, Chalmers and Stuart, met one day in Edinburgh and had a long and eager debate on saving faith. Street after street was paced, and argument after argument was vigorously plied; but in vain—they could not agree. At length, his time or patience having been exhausted, Chalmers broke off the interview, and, shaking the hand of his opponent at parting, said: "If you wish to see my views clearly and distinctly stated, read a tract called '*Hindrances to Believing the Gospel*.'" "Why," exclaimed Stuart, "that's the very tract I published myself!" If the profoundest theologians and the most precise, hair-splitting writers, who weigh and test to the bottom every term they use, are thus baffled in their efforts to make themselves understood, what can be more unreasonable than to demand a full, exact, and logical expression of truth in every hastily-prepared sermon or necessarily incomplete newspaper article?

Let us remember that it is the noblest and bravest spirits that are most likely to be troubled with "obstinate questionings." It is on such souls as Robertson, of Brighton, who are too loyal to the truth to be satisfied with pretended solutions of difficulties, who will not "make their judgment blind," but will face the "spectres of the mind" till they lay them, at whatever cost of misapprehension and denunciation by their brethren, that theological doubts weigh most heavily. Let us remember, again, that it is by his *prevailing* belief that every man should be judged; not by his doubts, but by what he believes notwithstanding his doubts. It is the general pointing of the prow that must determine the course of the ship, though she labors with the waves. Grant that she makes now and then a long circuit, and seems to be sailing in the wrong direction; yet who shall accuse her of deviation, till he knows what tempests have assailed her, and whether she will or will not make the port?

Even where there is real error, the constant denunciation of it is generally self-defeating. It gives to the false opinions a factitious importance, imposes on the imaginations of those who hear them expressed, deepens the conviction of the errorist, and creates a sympathy for the object of such incessant attacks. "Most heretics," says Whately, "are made such by the orthodox."

The cynical Talleyrand once said of theologians that they resemble dogs who gnaw large bones for the sake of very little meat. The bones which some heresy-hunters gnaw have often no meat at all. When will they learn that beliefs, faiths, dogmas, important as they are, are, after all, only means to an end—the raw material of religion? As they are worked up into character, they become less and less objects of attention, and disappear as food does when it is converted into blood. It is even true in a certain sense that the more conscious a man is of his beliefs, the more he prates about them, the less they have got into him. Such a condition, like the consciousness of eaten food, marks indigestion.

We sometimes think it is because they are half-conscious that their own faith is shaky that some theological zealots are always on the war-path. Their convictions are, perhaps, so weak that they need to be propped by continual assertion of them and of the arguments by which they are supported; and so they sound the alarm, as the boy whistled in the graveyard, to keep their courage up. We confess, if our own faith in the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity is ever endangered, it is by some of the arguments urged in their defence. "I have heard," said a sagacious Oxford University official, "all the Bampton Lectures for thirty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still!"

The fate of Eutyches, a champion of orthodoxy in the middle ages, should be a warning to all heresy-hunters. Dean Milman tells us, with quiet irony, that in the midst of an exciting persecution of Nestorius and the Nestorians this polemic suddenly found himself convicted of the most detestable errors; and, after expecting to add a name to the catalogue of saints, saw himself, to his infinite astonishment and disgust, registered forever in the catalogue of heresiarchs. Persons who are quick to snuff heresy, and who love to let loose the dogs of orthodoxy at the faintest shadow of error, should be very sure of their own theological soundness. It is one of those sports in which the hunter often finds himself transformed, like Actæon, into the game he is hunting.

WILLIAM MATHEWS.